

world-capital, though guarded by utmost sciences of discipline, would become "one with Babylon and Tyre"; the new war-lord would only be remembered with "Ozymandias, King of Kings," by his broken statue of stone in the desert, and his "sneer of cold command."

There is a moral order to the Universe "from everlasting to everlasting," and when history, writing of this whole affair, came to sum it up, a thousand years from now, it would write: "In the twentieth century after Christ there came another Attila who broke the nations in pieces and tried to re-shape the world with his war-hammer. Everything passed through the fire; the lies and blunders of our civilization perished, and much besides, but at last a better and happier social order developed. At last men learned how to live together without hate. The war-deeds of this Attila are not worth recording, and even his burial place is forgotten."

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.



UNCLE SAM SOLILOQUIZES.

Henry Slade Goff.

In Farm, Stock and Home.

Got to hev my weepsons ready fer a scrap,
Else I ain't no good fer any kind o' trust,
If I sees a feller walkin' got to set the weepsons talkin',

Or else mebbe he'll get his to goin' fust.
Needn't never hev no necessary scrimmage—
I'm a peaceful man and never wants no fuss—
But to be eternal ready if there's any one gets heady,
And to be the fust if any one is goin' to start a muss.

If I never wants no trouble—so they says—
With another feller campin' where I be,
Then I wants a gun thet's bigger with my finger on the trigger,

And I wants to get my work in 'fore he gets a range on me.
Lovin' peace and peace promotin'—so they utters as they talks—

Scatterin' olive branches round on every hand,
But I wants some guns a burnin' if there's ever any turnin'

On some other feller's axles on the continents where I stand.

"If a man's a man he's got to back his word up,"
And be ready with his weepson fer to work it with a vim.

If he meets another feller he must fire him till he's meller,

'Fore the other feller ever gets a chance to fire at him.

Mission holy and imposed by Heaven's enactment—
So the sayin's of the argufyers run—

Mebbe come across a Russian or an old Germanic Prussian,

And the way to make him peacefuller is haulin' out a gun.

Ain't nobody kind and peaceful more than me—
So my sarvants says that's talkin' as they goes—
But if any feller rustles up agin me where I hustles,
I should open up the firin', and they says as how they knows.

Kind o' new to me, this kind o' argufyin',
Lived a hundred years and more and never thought
Thet a peaceful man's ambition should be storin' ammunition,

Fearin' other fellers mebbe was a storin' more'n they ought.

Used to stay at home and didn't care for weepsons,
'Ceptin' as my homestead was needin' special care.
But my sarvants got a notion thet I ought to rule the ocean,

So's to shoot some civilization into peoples anywhere.

And things are lookin' kind o' leery and the peace dove's lookin' skeery,

And the streamers are a floatin' on the other fellers' runs.

And I've got to keep a hoein' in my patch, and keep a goin'

Round and round the airth with nevies and a showin' of some guns.

BOOKS

THE GREAT DEBATE.

The world of Europe plunged into the hideous savagery of continental warfare is still not ancient or mediaeval, still not dead to a most modern sentiment, a product of civilization—the conscious and confessed appeal to public opinion as supreme earthly judge and final human authority. Bread and circuses was an address to the unthinking passions, and those merely of one social class in the great Roman state.

But these nations of 1915 at the very gates of destruction prove their right to live by an instinctive faith, however fearful, in democracy. Autocratic rulers and democratic ministers, blind slaves of empire and bewildered free citizens, all come alike to the great world-throne of a common brotherhood in reason; each pleads his cause before the universal bar of his fellow men's deliberate sense of justice.

Who shall say that these "appeals" and "answers," these "white papers" and "manifestos" and even summonses to "holy wars," are not signed proofs of democracy regnant and autocracy dethroned?



Truth About Germany: Facts About the War. Reprint, published by The Fatherland, 1123 Broadway, N. Y. Price, paper, 10 cents.

Not counting the white and yellow and other colored papers that since the war began have fluttered down upon Europe and America, one small book has been without doubt the most diligently

circulated and widely read in the United States. "Truth About Germany" was published in August or early September under the auspices of a committee of thirty-four prominent leaders of industry, education and finance in Germany, whose names, along with those of the eleven distinguished editors, appear on the first page. In its original form it carried no imprint of publisher or place of publication or price, but a reprint has since been put upon the market by "The Fatherland."

Written in English, this is explicitly an address to the American people. With a plea for their continued sympathy, friendship and esteem, it begins and ends. It contains a sketch of the diplomacy preceding the war, an arraignment of Russian aggression and English perfidy, a picture of Germany's united people defending their independence with a perfectly organized and loyal army, and in the chapter entitled "Lies About Germany" a calendar of European events from July 26 to August 2, which is startlingly different from the contemporary American newspaper reports and which the London Nation assails as untrue in several respects.

The most unsatisfactory portion of the monograph from the neutral reader's point of view—if by this time there are any ex-officio neutrals in the world—is the brief explanation of Germany's violation of the neutrality of Belgium. The necessity for self-defense is asserted but not substantiated; military advantage is offered as a moral argument.

But whatever its defects, the essay is important because of its guarantors, if for no other reason; it is brief; it is on the whole well-written and effective, and it should be read by all Americans who mean to be fair and to hear both sides in this tremendous and passionate debate.



The Real "Truth About Germany." By Douglas Sladen. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. 1914. Price, \$1 net.

An English author has written an answer to the German "Truth." He reprints the German monograph and replies to it paragraph by paragraph, adding to his own arguments extracts from a few speeches and public documents. Mr. Sladen's book is worth reading, certainly in many respects convincing; but one can not avoid regret over his plan of procedure. The German argument was calculated to make a certain definite impression as a whole. To answer it piecemeal, though the answer be, and perhaps is, a complete refutation, is to fail of final rhetorical effect. To reply to everything, little and big, important and trivial, is to lose emphasis and readers. The Germans, right or wrong, lead here, as usual, in efficiency. "They know how to pack their goods

for the foreign trade," as our Consular keep reminding us.

But Mr. Sladen's book is much too valuable to dismiss with regret for what it is not. To say nothing of his own many satisfactory arguments, he has gathered into the book much useful and easily mislaid contemporary material from Ministerial speeches, from newspapers and documents—Austria's whole ultimatum, for example, paralleled with Servia's full reply, or the second report of the Belgian Commission of Inquiry, or the inimitable Lloyd George on the Prussian Junker. Unfortunately the book is not indexed and none of these insertions is mentioned in the table of contents. It is to be hoped that a second edition will remedy these defects in what should be a book both to read and to keep on the war reference shelf.



One American's Opinion of the European War. By Frank W. Whitridge. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1914. Price, 50 cents, net.

The littlest book that has so far come to the war table deals the doughtiest blows to Prussian militarism, the seducer of Germany. Mr. Whitridge must express exactly the feelings of many fellow Americans. For they, too, in youth spent some of their "happiest years" in Germany; they also found its people "peaceable, simple and friendly"—"all and more than all that General Bernhardt now says they ought not to be," as the author puts it; they themselves marveled at the Germans' "knowledge, industry and economy" and with Mr. Whitridge now "think of the Fatherland as they would think of an old friend who had gone out of his mind," believing "the Germans to be crazed by militarism and the contemplation of their own greatness and power." The chapters on Germany's Self-Deception and German "Culture" are very brief and forceful discussions of Germany's diplomatic "blunders" preceding the war and of "the wanton and senseless campaign of destruction" in Belgium. The whole swift-running argument is that of a high-minded *American*.

He is a barbarian, says Chesterton, who can not see the mind of the other man. Assuredly, then, Germany has the rest of the world in training for civilization. All mankind is trying to see into the Prussian mind. If only the world and Germany could exchange views without shrapnel!

A. L. G.

PERIODICALS

The American Magazine.

In the Interpreters' House the December issue of the American Magazine offers a suggestion very similar to one brought forward by William James in